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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion... \$1 00; One Square, one inch, one month... 5 00; One Square, one inch, three months... 6 00; One Square, one inch, one year... 10 00; Two Squares, one year... 15 00; Quarter Column, one year... 80 00; Half Column, one year... 60 00; One Column, one year... 100 00; Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion. Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.

A New York wigmaker remarks: "Fashion repeats itself, and my impression is that within the next decade the powdered wigs of the time of Louis XIV. will come into vogue. They had style in those days. The head was the center to dress from then, and a cavalier made an imposing appearance. Now a big walking cane and a high collar constitute the modern cavalier. Bald heads must go. Even Caesar wore a crown of leaves to hide his baldness, but these parquet bachelors have lost all pride."

The white races are urged forward by an irresistible spur over which they have no control. The increase of the yellow race, which once must have been incredibly fast, has stopped, and that of the dark races, of India, which for centuries has been amazing, is being checked by recurrent famines; but that of white people goes on so fast that the transport of a huge army every year across the Atlantic makes no impression on their numbers, and at their present rate of increase they will in 1894 be a thousand millions.

English markets are now supplied with choice fruit from Australia. Apples and pears come during the summer season when fruit is scarcest. The fruit is large and finely-colored, but like that from California, is deficient in flavor as compared with that grown farther North. It is quite likely that American and English farmers will have to compete with Australia in fruit as well as in grain. This competition will be the more formidable from the comparative nearness of Australia to the teeming millions of China and India. It is by Chinese cheap labor that California fruit growers are enabled to force the sale of their products in all parts of the United States.

A contributor to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, who has traveled through Mexico, Central, and South America, says United States contractors and speculators always pay American rates of wages, while Englishmen take advantage of any local rates which may profit them. Thus in Mexico contracts are carried out side by side, and while American contractors pay \$1 and \$1.25 a day, European bosses pay fifty cents and seventy-five cents. It is just the same in the Argentine republic, on all the public works there. Local labor is absurdly cheap, and English contractors pay just as little as they can, while Americans pay decent rates all through, and in the long run come out the best, their terms attracting all the best men.

The eastern band of the Cherokees now numbers 3,029, scattered through six states, the bulk of them in North Carolina, where they have a reservation of 73,000 acres. There they live for the most part in common, tilling the land as they think best. The mass of the Cherokees are in the Indian territory, whether the eastern band has been invited to settle and share lands and privileges with them. The latter will, it is thought, soon go thither. They would not be so easily duped there by designing whites, nor will they suffer so much from pneumonia as they do in the mountainous region of North Carolina. It is generally supposed that the aboriginals of this country are fast melting away, but persons who have made a study of the question assert that there are fully as many as there were ten years ago. Their vitality and tenacity of life are certainly remarkable, considering what they have to contend against; how generally unfavorable the conditions of our civilization are to their well-being.

The New York Commercial Advertiser says: "Napoleon's familiar remark, designed to be sarcastic, that 'England is a nation of shopkeepers,' is still constantly quoted, without any comment on its assumption and impertinence, coming from that source. England is such a nation, but it does not begin to be so entirely composed of shopkeepers as France is. Nobody who has visited Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux or any leading French city but must have been struck by the number of shops every where—shops, too, in the strict sense—places of small retail trade. In London and the big English towns there are a great many large mercantile establishments, which exist only to a limited extent in France. There are thousands of shops so diminutive that they would escape observation were it not for the windows in which the whole stock is usually displayed. The French are the happiest of shopkeepers, and no one knew it better than Napoleon, who doubtless wished to distract attention from them by ascribing their particular traits and habit to another people. It has long been a recognized fact that commercial nations always make excellent soldiers and wage fierce and obstinate wars."

THE LYRIC OF ACTION.

'Tis the part of a coward to brood O'er the past that is withered and dead; What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust? What though the heart's music be fled? Still shine the grand heavens o'erhead, Whence the voice of an angel thrills clear on the soul, "Girl about thee thine armor, press on to the goal!" If the faults or the crimes of thy youth Are a burden too heavy to bear, What hope can rebloom on the desolate waste Of a jealous and craven despair! Down, down with the fetters of fear! In the strength of thy valor and manhood arise, With the faith that illumines and the will that defies. "Too late" through God's infinite world, From His throne to life's nethermost fires—"Too late" is a phantom that flies at the dawn Of the soul that repents and aspires. If pure thou hast made thy desires, There's no bight the strong wings of immortals may gain Which in striving to reach thou shalt strive for in vain. Then up to the contest with Fate, Unbound by the past which is dead! What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust? What though the heart's music be fled? Still shine the fair heavens o'erhead; And sublime as the angel who rules in the sun Beams the promise of peace when the conflict is won! —Paul H. Hayne.

HUCKLEBERRIES.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

"Well, it's out now!" As Miss Amelia Wylie spoke she entered her sister's chamber and shut the door hard. Pretty little Vesta, who was reading at a window, looked up from her book. "What, Amelia?" "Our destination this summer." Vesta waited, while Amelia excitedly knocked about the toilet-bottles on the dressing-case. "After all the dresses we've made, and my spending my private allowance for that peach-colored evening silk that mamma refused to get me, we are going—guess where, Vesta?" "To Newport?" "No." "To Long Branch?" "No." "I understand that we are not going to Saratoga." "We are not." "Well, what makes you look so dismal? Are we going into the Mammoth Cave?" "We might as well. We are going to Starville." "Starville?" "Yes. That little village in the backwoods where there's nothing but cows and huckleberries!" Amelia's look was tragic! Vesta sank back in her little rocker and laughed. "Is mamma crazy?" Mrs. Wylie entered. "No, my dears. I have a good and sufficient reason—as for everything I do." She sat down and smoothed her black satin lap with her jeweled hands. "I might say we are short of money this summer." She paused. "I might say Amelia's health will not bear the wear and tear of another fashionable season." She paused again. "They would both be true. But they would not be the main—the principle reason." Vesta listened brightly—Amelia sullenly. "John St. Rose is to be at Starville." Amelia started up—Vesta sat quiet, but a little conscious color crept into her cheek. "What in the world is he there for, mother?" cried the former. "He is making some geological examinations with his father—who is such a brilliant scientist, you know—among the hills. And now that you know this, it would be idle to veil my motive in sending you to Starville. He is a very social young man, and he will have very little society. Under these circumstances, you have every advantage of securing the most brilliant match." "Which one of us?" asked Vesta, mischievously. "Either; it is immaterial to me. Only I should prefer to see Amelia married first—and with her superior knowledge of society, St. Rose is more likely—"

fruits and flowers; the pleasantest place in the world, Vesta thought, as she reached the door and saw the cool porches, the lawns and shade trees, and a big black cat snoozing in a cushioned chair in the hall. "How sweet the air is here! Smell the strawberries, Amelia, and see the pinks. How comfortable! I shall just wear a gingham dress all day, and grow fat." "Hush!" said Amelia. "There he is!" The gentleman in question came briskly across the lawn—a handsome, graceful fellow, with English whiskers—and shook hands with the young ladies. "Welcome, welcome!" he said, gayly. "I began to think I should have no society this summer. Mohammed could not go to the mountain, and so the mountain has come to Mohammed. But this is a very nice place to be exiled to. It is a world in itself." Amelia at once began chatting vivaciously, while Vesta quickly thought John St. Rose handsome than when she saw him in the last German. But she would not let him have known it for the world; and so she seemed quieter than usual; St. Rose thought it owing to her father's death, which had occurred since he saw her last. He had always fancied the dainty, brown-eyed girl, but at present he had his hands full with the black-eyed one. She was all spirits, life and animation. She must see the falls and Goldwing Mountain. She was interested in geological strata, and charmed with his specimens. He must find a spot to swing her hammock. Her health was delicate and his constant attendance in numerous walks, for its benefit, would be gratefully received. Vesta was taken along in these strolls, though she privately rebelled. There were other boarders—a family of Greys and a Miss Catherwood, who openly rebelled at Amelia's appropriation of the only beau. "Umph! is she engaged to him?" she asked, spitefully, of Vesta, one day, as St. Rose and Amelia marched away on a fern expedition, Vesta absolutely refusing to go. "Certainly not. But we have known Mr. St. Rose for a long time," replied Vesta, wishing to defend her sister. "I should think so," returned Miss Catherwood, significantly. "Our mothers were friends." "Umph!" Vesta turned away with a burning cheek. Others then noticed what a dead set Amelia was making at the heir of the St. Roses. Her cheeks burned, and with an impatient breath she sat down on a rustic seat outside the door. Well, she could not help Amelia's cause, but she would die before she would thus openly seek a young man's attentions! She would live and die an old maid, or die poor, rather. Now, Miss Catherwood did not covet Mr. St. Rose's attentions on account of his money—she was herself rich, and drove the most elegant little pleasure carriage at The Tamaracks. By-and-by she came walking her ponies down the lawn, and seeing Vesta's sober face, she turned her stately head. Honestly, she liked the sweet faced girl, and her tone was quite sincere and cordial as she called: "Won't you get your shade hat and drive with me? I am going to the village and want company." Miss Catherwood could be as agreeable as she could be disagreeable, and Vesta longed for a change from her unpleasant thoughts, so she rose and went for her hat. A few rods from the house they met St. Rose and Amelia returning, and Miss Catherwood drew r. in. "I have a seat for one of you," she said, brightly. "Thanks," said St. Rose; "I have an engagement at noon—but Miss Wylie would like to go to town, I presume." Now Amelia cordially hated Miss Catherwood, because she dressed better than she did, but she assiduously cultivated her, because the lady moved in the best society. She readily accepted the invitation to step into the elegant little phaeton, and so, unconsciously, made a mistake; for at Starville Centre the carriage was run into by a heavy team, and as the wheelwright could not satisfactorily repair it until the next day, the ladies were forced to spend the night at the village hotel, which, fortunately, was very comfortable. They returned in good spirits, and somewhat elated with their adventure; had a late dinner; and looked about them. It was a cool, bright afternoon, but the tennis-ground and the croquet-lawns were deserted—there were no ladies in the parlor, no gentlemen on the porch; only a solitary invalid lady sewing in the wide hall. All the people had gone "huckleberrying," she said—"gone to Dewings' Pasture." "I know where it is! It is lovely and cool down there. Let us go!" cried Vesta. "Huckleberrying?" cried Amelia, disdainfully. "Shall you go?" she inquired of Miss Catherwood, who was kirtling up her carriage-dress. "Certainly," replied the lady, who thought John St. Rose might be there. "When I am in Rome, I always do as the Romans do." Vesta, tripping along, came first into the Pasture. It was a pretty spot. Great oaks stood about, and the river nearly circled it, like a ribbon of blue steel. It was full of bosky knolls and some kind of a fragrant bush, honey-sweet with blossoms; and all about came the flight and song of birds. "Oh," screamed Vesta, "this is the prettiest place we have been yet. This is real country!" A gray dress and shaker-bonnet rose up from behind a huge huckleberry-bush. "Do you enjoy it so much, my dear? Well so do I. I have not been huckleberrying before for forty years."

Such a pleasant, aged face, and such a soft, old voice! Vesta stepped nearer to the big bush and the little woman. "I haven't any pail," she said. "Let me help you fill yours." She had grown quite familiar with the old lady in the shaker-bonnet in half an hour, and the two-quart pail was nearly full of the ripe purple fruit when voices drew near. "Huckleberries, indeed! I wouldn't touch the dirty things for the world—staining one's fingers and getting bugs on your clothes! Ugh! Where is Vesta? Oh, there she is, hard at it, with some hideous old woman she has picked up." Amelia and Miss Catherwood approached, and John St. Rose was with them. "Are you enjoying yourself?" he asked, cheerily, of the old lady; and then he added: "Allow me to present you to my mother, ladies." Mrs. St. Rose took off the shaker-bonnet, and showed her lovely old face flushed softly with the exercise and exertion. "It has been a most novel and delightful afternoon, John," she said. "And it is an unusual experience for you, too, is it not?" turning to the others, with a look of gentle inquiry. But there was something in the keen blue eyes which made Amelia understand that she had been overheard by the hideous old woman. The latter took her son's arm, while he took the pail of huckleberries, and the party walked slowly out of the Pasture. That evening, young St. Rose said: "Well, mother, those are the Misses Wylie I wrote you of. How do you like them?" "The youngest is a dear little thing. I should like her for a daughter." "I was not prepossessed in her favor." Now, as there was nobody in the world John St. Rose thought so much of as his beautiful little old mother, it is not to be wondered at that these remarks made the deepest impression upon him. He had always thought Vesta pretty. Now, as he looked at her brown eyes and modest brow, he loved her. And there and then—fresh from huckleberrying—he resolved to win her. Vesta is the young mistress of the elegant St. Rose mansion in the city now. She is her husband's pride—his old mother's darling. The latter tells how John met her at the station; how she was seized with a fancy to join the berrying party who started from the hotel the next day; and what an enchanting little creature she found Vesta from the first. So some people were very happy, while others were disappointed, but Mrs. Wylie congratulates herself on the stroke of policy which has married one of her daughters "well"—overlooking Vesta's personal merits as inconceivable. Amelia is still on her hands.—Frank Leslie's.

Pasture and Hogs.

It is not generally known that naturally the hog is a delicate feeder—that is, naturally he feeds only on clean substances. He is an omnivorous feeder. He eats unclean food only when he is refused better. Throw a log several sorts of potatoes, inferior and superior in quality, and the best will be eaten first. Place several varieties of corn before a hog not severely pressed by hunger, and the best will be selected. It is the same with pasturage. The hog eats fewer plants than any other of the farm animals. Grass is not his natural food. The legumes, of which clover is a familiar example, are. They are rich in flesh-forming elements. Thus clover and other leguminous plants are the natural pasture for hogs. The despised purslain is eagerly sought by them; so is red root, a species of amaranth. The artichoke is greedily eaten. It contains more nutriment than the potato, and is cooling in its nature.

In preparing pasture for hogs it is fully as necessary to know what plants to produce as in preparing pasture for other animals. As a single plant red clover is the most valuable, because it is easily and generally grown. A variety of pasture plants and liberal feed also of grain, together with absolute cleanliness in the resting places, and perfectly pure water to drink, would go farther to banish hog cholera and other contagious diseases than which hogs are subject than all the nostrums with which they are sought to be dosed.

Washington's Headquarters in France. After the surrender of Yorktown and the departure of the French, Washington established his headquarters at Newburgh on the Hudson. The house in which he lived is carefully preserved and shown as an historical museum.

There is a pleasant story of La Fayette's affectionate remembrance of the life there. Just before his death, which occurred in 1834, he gave a dinner party in Paris to the American minister and some friends who had been old associates. Later in the evening, when it came time for supper, the guests were ushered into a room which was in strange contrast with the elegance of the apartments they had been in. The ceiling was low, with large beams crossing it; there was a single small, uncurtained window, and several small doors. It looked more like an old-fashioned Dutch kitchen than a room in a French house. A long, rough table was meagrely set. A dish of meat stood on it, some uncouth looking pastry, and wine in decanters and bottles, ready to be poured out into glasses and camp-mugs.

"Do you know where we are now?" asked La Fayette as his companions looked about puzzled, and as if in a dream. "Ah! the seven doors and one window! and the silver camp goblets! We are at Washington's headquarters on the Hudson, fifty years ago!" He had reproduced the room as a surprise to his friends.—St. Nicholas.

Between 1875 and 1880, 193,000 persons died from snake bites in India; 1,078,540 poisonous reptiles were killed for the government reward.

COFFEE IN WAR TIMES.

SUBSTITUTE FOR THE BEVERAGE IN THE SOUTH.

Using the Seed of the Sea Island Cotton—Advertised Receipts—Sorghum as a Substitute.

Coffee had been almost the sole table beverage of the South, and no privation caused more actual discomfort among the people at large than the want of it. There was nothing for which they strove so eagerly and unceasingly to procure a substitute. Few indeed were the substances which did not first and last find their way into the coffee pot. Wheat, rye, corn, sweet potatoes, peanuts, dandelion seed, okra seed, persimmon seed, melon seed, are but a few of the substitutes which had their turn and their day. "A fig for the difference between Rio and rye," said the wits. "Eureka!" cried an enthusiastic newspaper correspondent. "Another of the shackles which holds the South, the commercial thrall of the world is severed. Let South America keep her Rio and the antipodes its Java. It is discovered to be true beyond peradventure that as a beverage the seed of the sea-island cotton cannot be distinguished from the best Java, unless by its superiority; while the seed of the ordinary variety is found to be not a whit behind the best Rio." What a flutter of excitement and joy it raised in many a household—and doubtless the scene in ours was typical—to find that the great national plant, the very symbol of the Confederacy, was indeed so many-sided! It gave us greater confidence, if it were possible to have greater, in the power and possibilities of the South, now that Cotton, the great King, had had another crown laid on his brow. So opportune was the discovery, too, that it struck us as almost a divine revelation, indicating the interposition of Providence in our favor. So eager were we to test it—or rather to confirm it, for it was too good not to be true—that we could not await meal time. Residing in North Carolina and up the country, we had never seen any sea-island cotton, but the prospect of being confined to Rio was by no means appalling. A pickaninny was forthwith hurried off to the cotton patch then sparsely flecked with newly opened bolls. The uproar of precious stuff, now a veritable manna, was hardly indoors before a dozen hands, of all sizes and colors, were tearing, picking at the discredited fibre, in quest of the more priceless seed. The Rio was made and drunk. Despite the sorghum sweetening, the verdict was unanimous in its favor. I hope that the communication of this stupendous discovery to our neighbors added as immensely to our happiness as to our self-importance. But, if in the last respect we sinned, retribution could not have been laggard. For although, owing to the fact that happily the recollection of disappointments and humiliations is less abiding than the opposite feelings, I am unable to tell exactly why, and when we returned to parched bran, it is nevertheless true that we did.

Receipts for making "coffee without coffee" (when the real article was alluded to, strong emphasis on the word left no doubt as to which kind was meant) were extensively advertised in the newspapers, and in some instances sold by canvassing agents. But rye, okra seed, and meal or bran held in the long run the popular favor. Those who could afford an infinitesimal quantity of the real article, counted out by the grain, to favor the substitute were the envy of the neighborhood. A cup of pure and genuine coffee would in the eyes of many have been an extravagance akin to Cleopatra's famous draught itself. The contents of a small gourd, which held our entire stock of the genuine article for many months before the close of the war, must have gone toward the making of an incredible lake of coffee.

The few varieties of tea consoled themselves as best they could on a decoction of raspberry leaves or sassafras root. Some genius discovered a corn-fodder the exact flavor of black tea. Sugar, after the fall of Vicksburg, was almost as scarce as coffee. But in sorghum the people found a substitute which came perhaps nearer a success than any of the numberless makeshifts of the period. Sorghum, or Chinese sugar-cane, as it was then known, had been raised to some small extent in the State as early as 1857. It began to be largely planted in 1862, and during the two succeeding years its cultivation became general, sorghum-boiling adding another to the great Southern festivals of corn-shucking and hog-killing. It was about the sole thing of which there was no stint in the Confederacy. Verily the land was "submerged in sorghum." It sweetened the coffee, tea and all the desserts of the time; sorghum candy was the national confection, sorghum "stews" the national festival. The strange creaking hum of the cane-mills pervaded the land. Every place was redolent of it; everything was sticking with it.—David Dodge, in Atlantic Monthly.

Attacked by a Tiger.

Four children of Mr. Rodenberger, living near Big Skookum, when going home from school on Wednesday last, were surprised by a big tiger, which sprang upon one of them, a six-year-old boy, who was walking in the rear. The animal threw the boy to the ground, seized him by the head, tearing the scalp in a frightful manner, and mauling his face. Another boy, eight years old, bravely rushed to the rescue, and, catching the beast by the ear, beat him upon the head so furiously with a glass bottle that he released his hold and ran to the brush. The alarm being given, parties started out to hunt the brute, and brought him down. He was a full-grown male, and measured between eight and nine feet in length.—Tacoma (W. T.) News.

THE LITTLE BANANA PEEL.

Like a bar of the beaten gold I gleam in the summer's sun; I am little, I know, but I think I can throw A man that will weigh a ton. I send out no challenges bold, I blow me no vaunting horn, But foolish is he who treadeth on me; He'll wish he had never been born. Like the flower of the field, vain man Goeth forth at the break of day; But when he shall feel my grip on his heel, Like the stubble he fadeth away; For I lift him high up in the air, With his heels where his head ought to be; With a down-coming crash he maketh his mash, And I know he's clear gone upon me. I am scorned by the man who buys me; I am modest and quiet and meek; Though my talents are few, yet the work that I do Has oft made the cellar doors creak. I'm a blood-red Republican crank, And a Nihilist fearless I be; Though the head wear a crown, I would bring its pride down, If it set its proud heel upon me. —R. J. Burdette.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The summer complaint.—Its hot!—Lynn Union. Owners of real estate never build castles in the air.—Boston Courier. "And so Ella is going to marry Mr. Peters, hey? What's his business?" "I believe his father is a broker."—Tribune-Bits. Officer examining recruits—"Why do we salute superior officers?" "Recruit—" "In order to keep out of the guard-house."—St. Louis Whip. Every dog has its day, and the summer boarder has found out that a country dog's day begins about 4 o'clock in the morning.—Boston Beacon. An exchange says that ice two inches thick will support a man. In midsummer it supports the ice man and his entire family.—Philadelphia Call. Cyclone insurance companies are being organized in the West. The Western cyclone is such a healthy affair that we didn't suppose it was necessary to insure it.—Norristown Herald. The pretty maiden fell overboard, and her lover leaned over the side of the boat as she rose to the surface, and said: "Give me your hand." "Please ask papa," she said as she sank for the second time.—Boston Courier. "An Italian claiming the title of Count has been proved an impostor." He probably came to this country unaccompanied by a monkey and a hand organ. The absence of such aristocratic insignia would immediately give him away.—Norristown Herald.

YE GENTLE MAIDEN.

In a hammock lily swinging, Swinging in the shade, While the birds are round her singing, Lies the gentle maid. She is dreaming dreams delicious, Though she knows full well, That her mother's washing dishes In the kitchen L. —Boston Courier.

A Kurdish Brigand.

The following is from a Batum letter to the London News: On my visit in 1855 an accident took place which will show how law and order went on while the Turk sat gurgling the smoke through his water pipe. On the beach I came across a fellow in a picturesque costume, and with one of the most fendish faces it has ever been my chance to gaze upon. It was Mephistopheles, but then Mephistopheles was a gentleman, and there was nothing of that kind in this case. Pure malignity could be traced in every line of the visage I had before me. Being alone, and not knowing a word of the language, I made signs to him that I wanted to sketch, and he, like most Easterners I have met, had no objections, and willingly stood for me. To be made into a picture seems to have touched whatever vanity there might be, and this brute had a touch of that in him. While the sketching was going on, our interpreter came ashore with some others of our party, and at my request inquiries were begun as to who my model might be. He stated that he was a Kurd, and had come down from the mountains about some business. He sneaked, picked, and ate walnuts, while sketching and questioning went on. He had a small gun which rested on his arm. Talking to him about it, the interpreter chanced to ask why he had not a sword or dagger, to which he replied that he did not require them; it was not his way of doing things. "What things?" was the natural inquiry. "Of killing people." "Oh, you kill people, do you?" "Yes." "How do you kill them?" "I stand concealed behind a rock on the road and wait till travelers come up, and when they are close I shoot them." "What for do you shoot them?" "To get whatever they have upon them." "Then you rob all that you kill?" "Yes." "How many have you killed in your time?" "Thirteen men and three Russians." Why he placed the Russians in a different classification was, unfortunately, not cleared up. I regretted afterward that this point was left so, but at the moment such a trifle did not seem of any importance in comparison to the astounding disclosures this piece of humanity was making. All the time there was a well-pleased simper on his face, while he nibbled away at the walnuts. The simper, I suppose, resulted from the satisfaction he felt that his picture was being made. "Where are you going when you leave Batum?" "When my business is finished, I will return to the mountains again." "What will you do there?" "Oh, please God, I hope to shoot the first traveler I see, and take whatever he has got."